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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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These Things Shall Be

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

—*John Addington Symonds.*

The Case Against the Dean Smelter

"This is very good, John," Professor Hammond said, looking up from the carefully written-out record of the experiment his young assistant had been making. "By the way, what did you mean when you told Tompkins that you were not going out with your class next year?"

For an instant John Darrow turned his face away. Then he crossed the laboratory to the alcove where the professor's desk stood. "It's the money, Professor Hammond," he said. "I must drop out for twelve months and earn the five hundred dollars I will need for my senior year."

"You can earn some here. Better let me lend you the rest."

John shook his head. "Thank you, but mother does not like the idea of my going into debt. She says—"

He was interrupted by the opening of a door. A boy looked in to say:

"There is a man outside, Professor Hammond, who asks to see you. He said to tell you his name was Ned Dean."

"Ned Dean? Why, I—O, I remember! I used to know his brother in Boston. Show him in."

John went to work at the table half way down the room. He glanced up to see that Dean was under middle age, alert, determined. His business suit was worn and his hair was ruffled over his head.

"Now I hope I am not interrupting you, Professor Hammond," Dean said as he shook the older man's hand. "You know you told me to call on you if I needed assistance. A State university, even if it is the State of California, seems like a strange place to come for help in trouble at a smelter, but I know you do some wonderful work here at Berkeley."

A smile looked out from the professor's deepset eyes. "Thank you, Dean. We do some surprising things here, especially in our laboratory work. Tell me your trouble. You own and run a gold smelter on San Francisco Bay?"

"Yes. It is small, but there is a big chance for the business to grow. In time I hope to get forehanded enough to install machinery for reducing other ore. You see north of me it's all sand dunes, but south a man by the name of Brunney has been experimenting for several years with trees and shrubs. He has a sort of nursery. Now he is trying to have my smelter declared a nuisance and put out of business."

"How's that?" Professor Hammond asked.

Dean's voice was very heavy and he had spoken with so much force that John Darrow looked up from his work to hear the rest of the story. Bringing his fist down on the professor's desk, Ned Dean went on:

"Why Brunney says the fumes from the smelter are injurious to his trees and shrubs. There is no use denying that they are losing their foliage, but I know there is not enough toxic in the smelter fumes to do any damage. You see I have taken every possible precaution to have the gases rendered innocuous."

"What in your opinion does cause the trouble with your neighbor's trees? And what is the trouble? Are they dying or simply losing their foliage?"

Ned Dean leaned forward. "I like the way you take hold of a subject. The trees look as if they were blasted; the foliage is dropping off as bad as it would back east after a sharp frost. Now, Professor Hammond, if you'll send a man down to look the land over I'll pay his expenses. If he can prove that my smelter has nothing to do with the Brunney trees I'll give him five hundred dollars."

For a moment Professor Hammond sat lost in thought. There was not yet enough data in his possession for him to form any opinion regarding the trees. Dean moved uneasily in his chair, and the other man roused himself to say: "I'll be glad to have one of our men look into the case for you, Dean. During our summer vacation we have only a few here, but the fall term opens—"

"Please, Professor Hammond, I wish you would let me investigate this," John cried walking forward to the alcove where the two men were seated.

"Why, that would be the very thing! Dean, this is John Darrow. He finished his junior year here in June. For a month now he has been helping me with some experiments.

John is specializing in botany and chemistry, so he is just the one for you."

"But isn't he too young? I don't suppose you would want to put one of your big guns on the job, but—well, if I'm shut down it means ruin for me."

The old professor's face grew grave. "I see. John can do this just as well as any man here. If it proves too much for him I'll go down and take a look at the trees. You want him to get to work at once?"

"Early to-morrow morning. Brunney intends to begin proceedings this afternoon, but I can stand them off for a week if I have a Berkeley man investigating the matter."

The three men talked for an hour. Then John Darrow bade the others good-bye and went hurrying across the campus. He was obliged to make a hurried trip to San Francisco to prepare himself for his work. Already he was heartily alive to its possibilities; there would be opportunities to test his efficiency in both of his favorite subjects. Then there would be something more—an opportunity to combine scientific exactness with daring imagination.

When Ned Dean reached the office of his reducer works next morning he found John waiting for him. The young man was arrayed in khaki suit and stout shoes. Over one shoulder was alung a knapsack containing a magnifying glass, a few chemicals, a lunch and a flask of water.

"Now what do you want me to do to get you started?" Dean asked.

"Oh, I'm started already and came to report that I was at work. Mr. Brunney has given me permission to visit his groves and gather all the leaves I need. He was polite but positive that there was no reason for the blight save the gases from the Dean smelter."

Ned Dean frowned. "Well, I must leave it all to you. If I can do anything to help, let me know. It will not be very pleasant tramping round here, becauae it is so dusty. I'd be mighty glad to see rain."

"Rains rarely come before November. It is unusually dry this summer, for last winter's rainfall was less than half the usual amount, and the year before was a dry one. Good-bye, Mr. Dean. As soon as I have anything to report you shall hear from me."

He strode off down the beach. Westward stretched the bay, its tranquil blue surface flooded with sunshine. Off to the north was a waste of sand dunes, with here and there a clump of scrub oaks, misshapen and twisted by the wind. East and south wooded hills rose. They were burned brown by the fierceness of the sun and powdered with dust.

John drew a long breath. "It's a wild setting for my first success, for that is what I mean it to be. I'll win!"

For four days John never left that region, save to sleep during the hours of darkness. Then he made a hurried trip to Berkeley. There he found that Prosessor Hammond had been summoned to attend the funeral of an old friend.

"I believe I'll talk it over with Mapes," John said to himself. Then he threw back his head a little defiantly. "No; I'll not do it. If I am on the right track the books and records here will give me all the assistance I need. I must win, both for Dean's sake and for the honor of Berkeley, to say nothing of the five hundred dollars that will see me through college next year."

In the meantime Dean was hard pressed by Brunney. It was Wednesday, the fifth day of John's investigation, when, as he was crossing the dunes not far from the smelter, Dean joined him.

"Found anything yet?" he demanded, a little sharply.

"Nothing positive, but I've an idea, a somewhat unusual one, and I—"

Dean interrupted him: "Now I begin to be afraid that your ideas are so unusual that they will never come to be facts. If I cannot prove that Burnney's ideas are all nonsense, I'll not be allowed to start this business next Monday. You better get busy!"

"That is just what I am doing," and John hurried away before Dean could speak again. Friday evening Ned Dean was summoned to the telephone. It was John'a voice that said:

"Please meet me at Professor Hammond's office at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Have you solved the problem?"

"I think so, but I would rather not explain until I see you. My explanation must be verified by the records I've made in order to be understood."

Ned Dean was on hand promptly. On entering the office he was surprised to find a half dozen men present. There was Tom Brunney, the lawyer employed by him, and the one of employed by Dean, Professor Hammond, and two strangers. These last were introduced as Berkeley professors, men whose work was along the line of John's investigations.

"Well, am I to go on with my work?" Dean demanded. "I do not care so much how I go on, if only I do it."

"Now that is hardly fair to me or to Mr. Brunney," John declared. "Please be seated, Mr. Dean, and let me tell my story in my own way."

Dean sank into a chair. John looked round at the circle of eager-faced men. His wholesome color had faded a little and his eyes gleamed. How would his audience take what he had to say?

"First, let me announce that the gases from the Dean smelter have no evil effect upon vegetation."

"We will have to have something more than your word for that, young man," Mr. Brunney snapped. "That's what Dean has declared all the time, but it has not stopped the blight that is killing my trees."

"I have grief for you. In order to show that the gas did not hurt the foliage I saw that I must find out what did. It took me some time. Then I had to make experiments showing what effects gases did produce when strong enough to injure vegetation. These statements that I have written out would be taken as evidence by any court after having been approved by experts. Authorities declare that it is always the young leaves that are injured by anything poisonous in the air. This is because the young foliage is softer and more watery. Now Mr. Brunney, it is the old leaves that have fallen from your trees.

"I reckon that's so. Why do they fall?" "Because of the drought. You know how far below normal the rainfall has been for two years. I have made experiments of my own, to show the effect of the withdrawal of moisture, but I do not ask you to accept the record of them as proof, for the college has dozens of such records, made over a term of several years, proving that in time of drought it is the old leaves that fall first."

It took the united efforts of professor Hammond and his colleagues to convince Brunney. Ned Dean held out his hand. "You are a brick. I'll write that check before I leave this room. I say, John, you will make a man from whom the world will hear some day."

John's face flushed with pride. It was not the money, or even the guarantee of the completion of his college course, that moved him the most. He had won, and college professors, men who had excelled in his own chosen field, were rejoicing with him.—*Classmate.*

Thomas Alva Edison.

Why did the University of the State of New York include in the program of its fifty-second Convocation a ceremony in recognition of the achievement of Thomas Alva Edison?

Because, says the Bulletin to the Schools, he has aided, greatly aided, in the perfecting of the arts of speech, the effective use of the written, the spoken and the pictured word. The learned body of men and women, who met at the first great Convocation saw Edison speaking over wires to a world audience. They saw him also a great poet writing with the dots and dashes of the telegraphic code, and as the greatest of historians or chroniclers listening to the voice of the present not with a human ear, but with a perfected mechanical ear that tires not, that makes no mistake, that never forgets and that tells nothing but the truth. So Edison appears and it seems worth while to remind ourselves of his interesting life.

No imaginative romance is so absorbing as the plain tale of the adventures and deeds of the great inventor. He was born February 11, 1847, at Milan, Ohio. He attended school for only three months in his entire life; then he and his mother undertook the task of making a man and a thinker out of the boy. His mother was his university, and the course of study no easy one. Before he was twelve years old, in addition to the usual school studies he had read with his mother, he had read Gibbons Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hume's History of England, Sears' History of the World, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, the Dictionary of Science, Parker's School Philosophy, and many other books in chemistry, science and literature. His mother taught him how to read, how to think, how to study. He taught himself how to experiment. When ten years old, he started a little chemical laboratory in the cellar of his home. He bought all the chemicals to be had at the local stores and tried every experiment he read about, heard about, or thought of.

At eleven years, with a friend he worked a market garden on his father's farm and marketed the produce. In one year $600 was turned over to his mother from this garden.

At twelve years, in order to get more money to buy more chemicals, and to have access to more books, more chemists, and more industries in Detroit, he became a newsboy and "candy butcher" on the Grand Trunk Railway between Port Huron and Detroit.

At fifteen, on the moving train, in an unused part of the baggage car, he printed and published "The Weekly Herald," the first newspaper ever printed on a train in motion. On the train, too, he installed his electrical and chemical laboratory. He had become interested in electricity from visiting telegraph offices. He performed his experiments at free minutes until an unfortunate accident set fire to the car, and cost him his job. No similar laboratory probably ever ran on wheels on any railroad in any land.

Edison was already experimenting on the crude telegraph of his day. He erected a line from the station to the village of Port Huron, learned telegraphy and soon started on a wandering career from city to city as an operator. These were the years of the great Civil War, and operators were everywhere in demand. It was an easy matter for Edison to find work that would give him time for study and electrical experimentation. Easy work and easy money were no temptation to idleness, for as he himself, says, "I have got so much to do and life is so short, I am going to hustle."

At 21 his work on the duplex telegraph had advanced so far that he went into the private telegraph line business. He also filed application on his first patented invention, an electrical vote recorder, an efficiency instrument needed but not then wanted in Congress.

At 22 he was in New York looking for work in the operating room of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Co. when the apparatus broke down, he was the only person present able to fix it, and after a searching interview with the manager was chosen superintendent of the entire plant. He "determined to try to live up to his salary if twenty hours a day of hard work would do it." Soon after he felt able to make a living for himself and support his hobby as an inventor, and his faith in himself was justified when he received $10,000 for his first group of inventions.

At 24 he made the first successful working typewriter, followed soon after by the automatic and multiplex telegraph systems, the invention of paraffin paper, the carbon rheostat, the carbon telephone transmitter, a device that made the telephone a practical commercial instrument.

At 30 he startled the world with the invention of the phonograph, an instrument suggested by his experiments on an automatic telegraph, but he was not able to find time to perfect the instrument for ten years. In 1879 he invented the incandescent electric lamp and soon after began the development of electric lighting systems and electric power systems. In recent years he has invented the moving picture camera, the Edison storage battery, Portland cement processes, the dictating machine, the universal type electric motor, the kinetophone or talking moving pictures, the transophone, an electrically oprated typewriter dictating machine, and a synthetic process of manufacturing carbolic acid.

The characteristics of Edison are "a vigorous, well-balanced body, a clear and logical mind, a developed imagination, a capacity of great mental and physical concentration, an iron-clad nervous system that knows no ennui, intense optimism, courageous self-confidence," and an unlimited capacity for hard work. These characteristics explain in part his great achievements. He is no believer in narrow specialization. He described himself to a friend as "interested in everything. I don't live with the past: I am living for today and tomorrow. I am interested in every department of science, art and manufacture. I read all the time on astronomy, chemistry, biology, physics, music, metaphysics, mechanics, and other branches—political economy, electricity, and in fact all things that are making for progress in the world. I get all the proceedings of the scientific societies, the principal scientific and trade journals, and read them. In this way I keep up to date and live in a great moving world of my own, and what's more, I enjoy every minute of it." "Hard work, nothing to divert thought, clear air and simple food," make life very pleasant. By learning a great deal one can be of benefit to some one some time. "What we need are men capable of doing work, men who are equal to their jobs." Edison's first real job was that of telegrapher. He learned his trade so well, that 26 years after he sent his last official message, he proved himself at the electrical exhibition of 1896 still as good an operator as the best of them. "I think," he said, "I could receive or send if I lived to be a thousand."

Edison's method of work is first to master the literature of the subject on which he is working. He then goes to work to test what he has read and to bend matter toward the end he desires to reach. "Genius," says Edison, "is 1 percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration." Patiently, ploddingly, he works out as many ways as possible of accomplishing the result. The best of these ways is finally adopted.

Edison in his first patented invention had the good of his country at heart. In his latest activities has given himself without reserve to his country. As chief of the Naval Consulting Board he is a sort of civilian chief of staff and minister of munitions. Democratic government proves its power and efficiency when an Edison directs its economic and scientific mobilization.—*Ex.*

In flight the kangaroo is easy prey. A knowing dog catches him by the tail, overturns him with a cunning wrench, and takes his throat from a safe angle before he can recover.

To Reclaim the Zuider Zee.

The Dutch are going to reclaim the whole of the Zuider Zee from the grasp of the ocean. It is a daring project, perhaps the most picturesque engineering enterprise known to the world to-day. While other nations are seeking colonial expansion the Dutch will try to create a hinterland at home. United States Consul Frank W. Mahin, at Amsterdam, has just reported that, after about three quarters of a century the proposal to embark upon one of the greatest land-making enterprises ever conceived has finally reached the form of a bill now pending before the Second Chamber of the Netherlands Parliament.

The bill provides for a dam across the upper part the Zuider Zee, extending from the province of North Holland, over the Amsteliep (a narrow strait) to the island of Wieringen and thence to the Friesland coast at the town of Piaam, in a northeasterly direction. Including the island, the total length of the dam will be about twenty-four miles; excluding the island, about nineteen miles. A lake of 882,000 acres in area would be formed, of which, it is understood, about 500,000 acres would be drained, leaving the remainder as a lake in the midst of the redeemed arable land.

Of great interest to engineers is the question of how the bulwark will be constructed. At the shore the Dutch engineers will fashion mats of interwoven willow twigs, about 40 inches in thickness and of convenient length and breadth. These will be towed out, loaded with stones, earth, sand and mud, and when sunk will form the foundations of the whole structure. This rampart, reinforced by solid foundations of timber, will rise almost to the low water level, and will be faced with stones brought from Scotland and Norway.

It will have a breadth of about 100 feet, and will be designed to serve as the mainstay of the larger structure, which is to be superimposed upon it. This latter, composed chiefly of sand, will start from the centre of the other wall and rise at a gentle slope, stone faced, to a height about 16 feet above the high water level, and 8½ feet above the storm level. The total base of this great bank of sand will be 200 feet, and the bottom width of the entire embankment, bulwark and backing together, will be about 280 feet.

The Dutch engineers are confident that the huge pile will endure all of the assaults the sea can make upon it. The face turned toward the ocean will present an exact counterpart of the artificial beaches which protect nearly all Holland—a surface of stones from the bottom of the sea to a height above the reach of the heaviest waves, with a flat beach more than 30 feet wide between the low and high tide lines to receive and moderate the thrust of the surf.

Not only will the dike cut off the ocean, but the silted-up Yessel will bring a supply of water into the projected fresh water lake. The Province of Friesland has felt for many years the need of drinking water, having had to obtain supplies in the past from England. It is also proposed to make the summit of the dike wide enough to permit of the building of a railroad upon it, thus bringing North Holland many miles closer to Friesland.

More than fifty years ago arose the idea of adding by the arts of peace a twelfth province to the Kingdom of the Netherlands. In 1849 the engineer, Van Diggelin, published a project for cutting off the Zuider Zee from the waters of the North Sea, and then the inclosed space was to be pumped dry. The project was worked out elaborately, but it was shown that the execution would be a practical impossibility. Van Diggelin wished to reclaim not only the large southern expanse of the Zuider Zee, which forms a seaboard for the very heart of Holland, but he was ambitious enough to entertain the project of reclaiming from the sea the region lying between the province of Friesland and the outlying fringe of the four islands of Texel, Vlieland, Terschelling, and Ameland.

The Zuider Zee is of comparatively recent origin. When the Romans were spreading throughout Europe the greater part of what is now the Zuider Zee was covered with forests, and as late as the middle of the eleventh century a chart of Holland shows that the present fringe of island mentioned above then formed part of the continent. The river Yessl discharged into the North sea, between the Halder and the present island of Texel; another river, the Vlie, emptied between what is now the islands of Vlieland and Terschelling, and in the center of the forest region was a lake.

But in A.D. 1170 a great flood occurred, known in Netherlands history as the "All Saints' Day Flood." This flood began breaking down the then existing barriers between the land and the sea. It formed the islands of Texel and Wieringen and destroyed the town of Medemlick, in North Holland, and Stavoren, in Friesland. More floods occurred in 1237 and 1250, and a large part of the land west of Harlingen and Stavoren and as far south as Elburg was washed away and the island of Vlieland was created. In 1395 further inundations formed the islands of Terschelling and Ameland, and in 1410 the Zuider Zee had practically assumed its present form.

When work on the project will begin in not yet known, but it will be decided as the bill progresses through Parliament.

It is calculated that the dam will be completed in the ninth year of work on the project.—*New York Times.*

WISE SAYINGS

In December, 1732, Benjamin Franklin commenced the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanack," price 5 pence. It attained popularity. Three editions were sold within the month of its appearance. The average sale for 25 years was 10,000 a year. He was sometimes compelled to put it to press in October in order to get a supply of copies to the remote colonies by the beginning of the year. It was translated into nearly every written language. It contains fun as well as wisdom. Here are some of the aphorisms:

Industry need not wish.

Deny self for self's sake.

There is no little enemy.

Let thy discontents be secrets.

God heals; the doctor takes the fees.

Fly pleasures and they'll follow you.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Necessity never made a good bargain.

A new truth is a truth; an old error is an error.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

Three may keep a secret—if two of them are dead.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

Let thy maid servant be faithful, strong and homely.

Hast thou virtue, acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue.

The noblest question in the world is: What good may I do in it?

These are three faithful—an old wife, an old dog and ready money.

Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?

Don't throw stones at thy neighbor's window if thine own window is glass.

Good wives and good plantations are made by good husbands.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterward.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.

Search others for their virtues; thyself for thy vices.

Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used keys are always bright.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, to do anything which thou knowest to be evil.

Fred Delano
1601—35 St N W
Washington D C

The Silhouette

By Miss Belinda Daniels.

Following is a paper read at the April teachers' meeting by Miss Belinda Daniels, instructor in photography. Miss Daniels is a cutter of silhouettes and has had sittings from some of the most noted people in this country. The paper, which is printed by request of some of those who heard its presentation, is not wholly the product of Miss Daniels, but is quite largely made up of extracts from Ethel Stanwood Bolton's "Wax Portraits and Silhouettes."

The art of silhouette cutting has had its rise and fall. "Shades" have come down to us from farthest antiquity. In the tombs of Egypt the conventionalized figures done in profile are but painted silhouettes, and are as true to life as our own, except for one thing: the Egyptian never learned to draw the eye in profile, nor did any artist of Crete, of Babylon, of Nineveh, or of any other city, until the fourth century B C., when a Syracusan modelled it correctly for a coin. The figures on Etruscan oil jars and Greek vases are nothing but "shades." The, first legend of a real shade is that of the Daughter of Diabutades, who realized that her lover was becoming cold toward her. One day, as he stood so that the sun cast his shadow upon the wall, she outlined it, hoping to keep his image, if not his love. There are many variations of this story; often it is the tale of a lover whose betrothed had died, and whose shadow, as she lay in her coffin, was cast upon the wall by the candle at her head. It matters not to which legend we pin our faith, for the real story is so far removed in antiquity that age lends it charm. The Japanese have always had an appreciation of the great value that the silhouette possesses, for many of their portraits contain, besides the colored likeness, a profile done in black wash, as an inerpretation.

A silhouette, at its best, is a thing of real beauty and great cleverness; at its worst it is a quaint handicraft, which at least shows the dress and manners of the day. The types are very numerous, and are interesting for the ingenuity shown in making and treating the same black shade in new and original ways.

Silhouettes were painted on glass, ivory, or plaster, in oil or India ink. One of the earliest methods was with the brush and India ink on ivory, card, or plaster. This is, perhaps, not the ideal type of silhouette, as it trenches upon the province of the miniature, being really a profile in monochrome. There were two men in London, in partnership at the end of the eighteenth century, who made beautiful silhouettes of this type. They were John Miers and John Field. They advertised that they "execute their long approved profile likenesses in a superior style and with that unequalled degree of accuracy as to retain the most animated resemblance and character, given in the minute sizes of rings, brooches, lockets, etc (time of sitting nor exceeding five minutes). Miers and Field preserve all the original shades by which they can at any period furnish copies without the necessity of sitting again."

Field began his work in 1792, and the firm lasted until 1827. The smaller forms have become so rare as to be found only in a very few large collections, but one of Field's small lockets is fortunately owned in this country. It is the silhouette of Robert C. Hooper, done with exquisite delicacy, and with the high lights touched with gold. Mr. Miers never used gold upon his silhouettes, according to tradition, but Mr. Field seems to have done so in many instances. His silhouette of Hester Savory, that young girl whom Charles Lamb is said to have loved, is delightfully pencilled with gold.

Another form of silhouette which flourished at this time was that painted on glass. The English type, which differed from the American, was nearly always backed by wax or plaster, and, in consequence, it is very difficult to find one in good condition, since the wax or plaster has nearly always been cracked by the heat or cold to which it was subjected. Critics tell us that the loveliest form of all was that of the likeness painted on convex glass, in such a way that one did not look directly at the painted face to see the silhouette, but upon a white card behind, upon which the shadow was cast. The beauty and delicacy of these is very great, according to their enthusiastic admirers.

Really the variations of method are endless, for some artists, not content with plain black paint, have used a combination of pine soot and beer, which gives a very intense blackness. These silhouettists covered glass with the mixture of pine soot and beer, and then removed the background from around the portrait or removed the portrait and left the background. The glass was then backed with gold leaf, silver leaf, or tinsel, so that the result was a gold or silver portrait in a black ground or the reverse.

All these processes demand a great deal of artistic ability, skill in catching a likeness and much charm in drawing. If they had not these, the work had little to commend it, for it was mere outline. One of the artists of this type, who flourished at the time of Miers and Field, was Charles, an Englishman, who with his brush made exceedingly delicate and lovely silhouettes. His portrait of John Lucas was one of the most charming at the exhibition in Boston. His work nearly always combines, as does this example, fine line work and solid black.

But the silhouette often lasped from real art, when no man of genius gave it his beneficent touch. And in those dire days mechanical aids came into use. It was during one of these periods of eclipse that the art acquired the name by which we know it today. There lived in France between 1709 and 1767 Entienne de Silhouette, who became controller-general of France. Like all prophets he was without honor in his own country, for realizing the great calamity which confronted Europe, he set himself to preach economy to a court which had never even known its name. He translated English writings on finance, and endeavored to put his country upon a sound basis. He attacked privilege and reduced the pensions of the nobles, till at last his name became synonymous with all that was mean and cheeseparing. So portrait painting languished, and the poor mean art of the silhouette, for so it was considered, flourished for a time. Silhouette himself made shade by mechanical means. It seems strange that it was not until 1825 that the art was finally christened with its new name of silhouette.

In the days of Miers and Field and Charles the scrap book flourished mightily. Everybody had one and everybody pasted. Queen Charlotte and the Princess Elizabeth made scrap books and the princess spent much time cutting silhouettes to go therein. She cut all kinds of things —portraits of people and of dogs, hunting scenes, and other pictures, parts of which were so fine that a sharpened needle was used in cutting. The princess's example was, of course, followed by those of less degree, and many a lady cut silhouettes for her scrap book or for her friend's. Among those ladies was Mrs. Leigh Hunt, who was one of the best amateurs. Her work is unfortunately unsigned, but her portraits of Leigh Hunt, of Lord Byron and of John Keats, in 1820, are authentic.

To Americans a silhouette means nearly always a portrait in black paper, pasted upon a white ground, though sometimes the same effect was gained by cutting a hole in a piece of white paper and backing it with black paper or cloth. A few knowing ones realize that there are at least two other types which were made in America, those painted on glass and those which were done in color.

The first person who cut silhouettes in England was Mrs Pyburg, who made black paper portraits of King William and Queen Mary. After reading English books upon silhouettes you feel that you should as soon forget your mother's name of the date of the battle of Hastings as forget Mrs. Pyburg. She began things; she is like Adam and Eve; and after Mrs. Pyburg, nothing, until in the early nineteenth century England began to send us here in America her prodigies. One of the first to come was "Master Hubard," whose given names were William James, a youth of seventeen. He had begun his remarkable career as a silhouettist in England at the tender age of thirteen. At seventeen, his genius being ripe for foreign travel, he visited us here in Boston. He had previously been in New York and Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts for three successive years.

While he was in Boston he had a room in the Exchange Coffee House, where for fifty cents he cut your likeness in twenty seconds. He cut full length portraits as well as busts, and, like his predecessors used India ink and gold pencilling. And when the likeness was complete he would frame it "in black glass in elegant oval, round or square frames, gilt or black," for which he would charge from fifty cents up to two dollars. The Homer family of Boston sat to him for their likenesses Unfortunately it is not possible to tell which Homer is which, but they are all marked, "Cut with scissors by Master Hubard without drawing or machine, at the gallery of cuttings and Philharmonicon Concert Room." This short advertisement differentiates him from all of those who had preceded him in America. Silhouettes had been made, but only by a machine. The earliest and most important of these were cut at Peale's Museum in Philadelphia. Soon after the Revolution, Charles Willson Peale, the artist, opened a gallery. Here he had the silhouette cutter, which was worked in such a way that the profile is a hole cut from white paper. The protrait was then mounted upon black. The great English authority on silhouettes tells us that this form is unknown in England, and cites five examples in the Library of Congress as extremely rare. The truth is that it is almost the commonest form of small silhouettes with us. The machine, so far as has been proved, never did more than the bust. Peale cut silhouettes of all the great men of his day.

What Peale did for Philadelphia, William Bache and William King did for New England and the north. Of Bache little is known. He cut by mechanical means and probably with the same kind of machine that Peale used. He marked his portraits with a stamp which reads, "Bache's patent." Bache did many Salem worthies. Salem is, in fact, a happy hunting ground for the lover of silhouettes, for Salem people seemed desirous of allowing their likeness to pass down to posterity. Among others who made silhouettes in Salem must be included Mr. Joye, whose name appears upon a delightful portrait in India ink. To return to Mr. Bache, it is worthy to note that he did not slavishly adhere to his cutting machine, for he often embellished his work with India ink, not only in graceful outlines of hair or frill, but with a ruffle which extended entirely across the silhouette.

Mr. Felt, in his Annals of Salem, tells of an exhibition of silhouettes in 1791: "Mr. Bowen's likeness of General Washington and lady and others, from the Boston museum, begin to be shown at the Academy Rooms." He adds that there were similar exhibitions of silhouettes "in 1799, 1801 and since." He does not tell, nor does the advertisement, whether or not the exhibit was to catch victims for the silhouettist.

The Salem record of silhouettes would not be complete without one more quotation from the "Annals," which is interesting because it brings before us another name for the art, and a new name upon the roster of those who really cut silhouettes: "1828 Master Hanks, as the successor of the celebrated Master Hubard, is advertised as capable of delineating every object in nature and art with extraodinary correctness. This he did by means of paper and scissors, merely looking at the subject represented. It took him but a few minutes to give an exact bust of any person he saw. No signed examples of his work has been seen in New England, but there is one in Baltimore of "Miss Henrietta Moffit at the age of about six years."

Before passing on to the great lights of the thirties and forties, Edouart and Brown, there are a few isolated facts which seem worthy of mention. At the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts, are three profile portraits, gilt on a background of black, which appear to be painted on glass. The names of the artists are appended to these portraits and give them an added value, as they bring to mind some famous names. The silhouettes of Madison and Gallatin, are marked "C. P. Polk," and were done by Charles Peale Polk, a nephew of Charles Wilson Peale. He, like his uncle, was more known as an artist than as a silhouettist, and is chiefly famous for his portrait of Washington, of which he made some fifty copies. The other silhouette at Worcester is marked "A. P. Doolittle," and may perhaps have been done by Amos Doolittle, of New Haven, one of our early engravers.

Naturally, portraits of Washington have always had greater interest for the collector than those of any other American. This fact has brought to light the names of many early silhouettists who might otherwise have sunk into the night of oblivion. J. F. Vallee and S. Folwell, in Philadelphia, made silhouettes of him in India ink, and Sarah De Hart cut him with scissors. There is a very attractive silhouette of Washington in Wansey's Travels, but by an unknown person, its printing, by woodcut on rough paper, gives it a charming softness of appearance. Samuel Powell again a Philadelphian, made silhouettes from shadows cast by a lamp. More and more as the facts come to light, is one impressed by the great popularity of the shade in times past.

During the twenties at Bowdoin, and doubtless at other colleges, the silhouette was used for class pictures, and class albums were as much a part of the senior's life then as they are at present. The college library is fortunate to possess the silhouette albums of the classes of 1824, 1825 and 1826, for these were interesting days at the college. The album of 1824 is bound in morocco and has alternate black and white leaves. The silhouettes are cut as Peale's and Bache's were—holes in the white papers, with the alternate black leaves serving as a background. These class profiles are particulary interesting, as they contain among their number Franklin Pierce afterwards President of the United States, and Calvin E. Stowe, later famous as the husband of Harriet Beecher. The silhouettes of the class of 1826 are loose sheets unmounted, but one can still find among them the youthful face of William Pitt Fessenden, the famous senator from Maine. The most interesting of all is the profile of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow as a senior in 1825. It is interesting to place the portraits of our two poets, Whitter and Longfellow, side by side, and to realize how utterly different their youthful faces are from the likenesses to which we have grown accustomed. These albums must have had considerable vogue, for there is one in Boston containing some silhouettes marked by Peale and Bache, and another in Baltimore.

In America the art of silhouette cutting culminates with two men, Auguste Edouart, a Frenchman, and William Henry Brown, an American. Edouart was born in France in 1788, and after following the fortunes of Napoleon, found refuge in London in 1815. For some time he earned his living by teaching French, but as the refugees became more numerous and cometition greater, he was forced to abandon this occupation for one less crowded. At first he made portraits out of hair, which he called mosaics, his subjects being both human and canine. He subsisted in this fashion until his wife's death in 1825, when he lost all amibiton, and as his means of livelihood failed he became much depressed. The story of his chance interest in silhouettes is worth recording. One day while visiting friends at tea the younger members of the family brought in some silhouettes which they that day had taken by a machine at a country fair. Edouart, interested, remarked that he himself could do better. Egged on by the young people, he proved his contention, and in consequence began the career of which he became known on both sides of the Atlantic. His first full length portrait was of Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor. It was such a success that the Doctor had forty copies made.

In 1839, Edouart set sail for America, and he spent the next ten years here, cutting silhouettes at the rate of many hundred a year. He prospered greatly, and his opportunities for meeting the famous men of the day must have made his life interesting and varied. The silhouette group of Daniel Webster and Jonathan Phillips sitting together is very dignified, restful and impressive.

Edouart visited every large city in the United States during the ten years he spent here, but he did a vast deal at Saratoga in 1841 and 1842. After ten years he determined to return to England, and so set sail in the Oneida, in 1849. He had a very rough voyage, and was finally shipwrecked on the island of Guernsey. On the island he was befriended by a family who did much for him; when he was about to resume his journey, he presented the daughter, Frederica Lukens, all the volumes of silhouettes, fourteen in number, which had been rescued from the shipwreck.

Edouart had always cut his silhouettes in duplicate, one of which he pasted, with the sitter's autograph, in a huge scrap book. Most of these books went down with the Oneida, but some of the Amercian books were saved. For many years the rescued books lay hidden in the Island of Guernsey, until they were finally brought to light and sold during the past year. And Edouart, broken in health and in spirit, betook himself to a small town near Calais, where he spent the few remaining years of his life. He never cut any more portraits, so that the work which he did in America was his last.

That Edouart was a real artist few will deny, and he was so serious in it that he never descended to caricature in an obviously easy way to express his meaning. He had a great aptitude for seizing the salient point of a or figure, and in his silhouettes a face gesture, a pose, or an arrested movement, often gave his portraits a more than photographic likeness.

Just now, because of the sale of his duplicates, Edouart is having great vogue, and is somewhat pushing into the background our own native-born genius, William Henry Brown, who was at least a good second, if not his equal, in the art. Brown was born in 1808 in Charleston, South Carolina, and was of Quaker ancestry. He began early to show his inclination for the work to which he was destined. His first portrait of importance was a silhouette of Lafayette, done during his last visit to this country. Brown, like Edouart, preferred to cut the whole figure, and he soon became so popular that he had a set of lithographed backgrounds, as did Edouart. John Randolph, of Roanoke, is probably set in the surroundings chosen by himself as most characteristic.

Edouart's silhouettes are cut with more elegance than Brown's, but the latter's areon the whole as convincingly true to life. Brown cut the silhouettes of as famous people of this country as did Edouart, and in addition he cut very elaborate compositions. Volunteer fire engine companies "adored" to be cut in silhouettes, with all their apparatus. One composition of this kind in St Louis was twenty-five feet long, and contained the portrait of every member of the company.

The silhouette of Dr. Thomas Copper, who was a famous South Carolina chemist, shows his trousers tied at the bottom, so that they have the appearance of ruffles.

The silhouette cutter comes rarely now, and the reviving "shadow picture" is made by mechanical means, either by drawing or with the camera. Brown's silhouette of Chief Justice Marshall was of great assistance to Story in modelling his statue for the Capitol at Washington; and now the reference library of the National Portrait Gallery in London is collecting silhouettes as means to identify unknown portraits. Many silhouettes of famous men are hung in the galleries abroad for their great value as likenesses. So the value of the silhouette is coming to be more and more recognized.—*Illinois Advance.*

In Iceland fish are dried and ground into a flour for use in bread.

New School for the Deaf?

We learn on very good authority that the province of British Columbia is planning to establish a school for the deaf children of that province in the near future. Whether the scope of that institution's work will be enlarged to include the industrial re-education of returned soldiers made deaf by service at the front, or not, we are not informed, but information from various sources indicates that one of the big problems staring all the Canadian provinces immediately in the face is the re-education and restoring to useful lives the soldiers deafened, blinded or otherwise permanently maimed. We, too, shall have that problem soon. How are we getting ready to meet it?—*The Washingtonian.*

Eastertide.

Pure as the lillies fair,
Soft as the balmy air,
Thy spirit wings,
And with it clings
A peace—beyond compare!

Oh! gentle Eastertide,
Decked as befits a bride,
With flowers rare,
It's thine to bear
Hope to the world so wide!

Hope that our Saviour's love
Who shields each little dove,
May guide our feet
Until we meet
In far off realms above!

A trust that we shall see
Each loved one at His Knee,
From each fond heart
No more to part,
In blissful harmony!

A joy that Christ is free
From pain and misery!
Who showed the way]
That none might stray
From truth and charity!

Hark! the anthem ringing!
Oh! hear those voices singing,
Eastertide! Eastertide!
Thou art gladness bringing!

Nellie Eugenia Lorigan.

VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT

under the auspices of the

Greater New York Div., No. 23
N. F. S. D.

to be held at

ST. ANN'S GUILD HALL
511 West 148 Street
NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, April 20, 1918

Tickets, - - 25 cents

V. R. Anderson, Chairman.

Annual Ball and Entertainment

of the

SISTERHOOD OF SOCIETY WELFARE FOR THE JEWISH DEAF
IN BENEFIT OF JEWISH DEAF

Saturday Evening, April 27, 1918
AT 8 P.M.

WESTMINSTER HALL
Lenox Ave. Bet. 113 and 114 St.

Admission - - - - 50 cents
(Including Wardrobe)

Miss Selma Frankenthaler, Chairman,
40 W. 115 Street, City.

Space Reserved For

De l'Epee Sorosis

for

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918

[Particulars Later]

Information Wanted.

Harold Weiss, a graduate of the Rochester School. Last heard of in New York City in November, 1917. Has been missing since then. Will readers please help in locating him and write to the Editor of the JOURNAL.

"Help Wanted."

SOME good young deaf-mute men between 19–30 years old, to learn how to cut shoes. Good pay and steady work. Write at once to A. J. Gebhardt, 515 South 8th Street Keokuk, Iowa. Will pay $10 a week for first three months, if show improving after another three months, piece work.

HEARTS PARTY

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, Inc.

143 West 125th St.

ON

Saturday Evening, April 13, 1918

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

ADMISSION, (including refreshments) **35 CENTS**
Handsome prizes will be awarded to the winners

Don't fail to attend our

May Party, May 25, 1918

Cut out this coupon and mail to the Entertainment Committee of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League:

I vote for MISS to be crowned Queen of May

Committee—Wm. Krieger (Chairman), A. Hymes, A. Eisenberg.

"The social comforts and recreational comforts and facilities will be at the service of every man in the Army and Navy."—*From John Cardinal Farley's Appeal "To Help the Government Win the War."*

XAVIER ALLIED SOCIETIES OF THE DEAF

(Direction Rev. Thomas F. White, S.J.)

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NEW YORK CATHOLIC WAR FUND

For All "Our Boys" Over There, Here and Elsewhere, Fighting the Fight for US and Democracy on Land, Sea and Air—the K. C., the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross and Other Activities.

Euchre---Whist---Reception

XAVIER PARISH SCHOOL HALL, West 17th St., between 6th and 7th Aves.

Saturday Evening, April 6th, 1918

Prizes Aplenty—Refreshments—Dancing and Music

TICKETS (Or at Box Office) **35 CENTS**

We owe it to them to give and give generously—Be proud to be an American—Give them all you can!

Direction following Committees:
Miss Mary Austra, Chairlady. Miss Jennie Boyle, Secretary.

Thomas O'Neil, Sylvester J. Fogarty, Joseph and Andrew Mattes, Tickets and Finance.

Thomas J. Cosgrove, Miss Kathleen McGuire, Miss Agnes Lillis, Miss Annabelle Hannon, Prizes.

Co-operating with: Mrs. P. J. Heany, Miss Carrie Volk, Miss Christine McKinnon, Miss Marion McCoy, Miss Mary Butler, Miss M. Faulkner, William Daly, Paul Murtaugh, Austin Fogarty, John F. O'Brien, John M. O'Donnell, William Burke, Arthur Bing, Jere Fives, Jere T. Antonio, and Others.

Hartford, 1917

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" " Teachers July 2d, 1.00

Superintendents and Principals, Ephphetans at the Cathedral, Picnic at Lake Compounce
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New York Frats Banquet to the French and Other Delegates
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Greater New York Division, No. 23 N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, MAX M. LUBIN, Secretary, 1892 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; or JOHN D. SHEA, State (Eastern New York) Organizer, 73 W. 89th St., New York.

TO YOU!

The most anxious Agent will not insure your house if it smells of smoke and none insure the lives of sick men or women.

We are open only for those who are **well enough** and **smart enough** to get there in time. The time to prepare is NOW while it is possible to make the preparation.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Boston, Mass., is the oldest Co. in America, with assets of over seventy million dollars. It offers the BEST policy contract ever issued to the **deaf**, at same low rates as to hearing persons.

Write me for full information which will open your eyes and perhaps give you an entirely new view of Life Insurance. I feel sure that you will not only be interested, but also thank me in years to come. Medical examination free.

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THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

A Thrilling Account of the Method of the German Secret Service . .

A Two Hour's Lecture

BY REV. JOHN H. KEISER

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH
(511 West 148th Street)

Saturday Evening, April 6.

TICKETS, - - 15 CENTS

Fanwood Alumni Notice.

All those eligible for membership in the Fanwood Alumni Association should send application with $1.00 to Miss M. L. Barrager, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, who is the Treasurer.

ALEXANDER L. PACH,
Secretary.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Easter congregation at St. Ann's Church surpassed all previous records in attendance. A careful count showed more than 425 present at the service, while a larger number partook of the Holy Communion than ever before. The entire service was pervaded by a solemnity tinged with joy, for we cannot forget that the greatest of all wars in the history of the world is now being waged, and Easter above all other days is a day of the renewing of strength with its message and promise of immortality. A more reverent and attentive congregation seldom gathered in St. Ann's. Rev. Mr. Keiser was the celebrant. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain preached a forceful sermon on the duty of the laity in the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. The choir has always tried to do its best at the services of the Church, but this year they surpassed themselves, for the hymns were all rendered with grace and spirit. Miss Alice E. Judge led the the processional hymn, "Jesus, our risen King." The offertory solo was by Miss Klaus, and the Communion Hymn by Miss Caddy. No attempt at elaborate floral decorations was made, but the lilies on the altar and the profusion of palms in the chancel were very tastefully arranged by the ladies of the Altar Guild. On two panels on either side of the chancel were inscriptions in old English lettering, by Mr. Pace, "Christ is Risen from the Dead, Alleluia," on one panel, and on the other "And become the first-fruits of them that slept, Alleluia."

After the service the people lingered long in the Guild House exchanging greetings. Several visitors from out-of-town were present, and expressed themselves as astonished at the large number of communicants of St. Ann's Church and the earnest enthusiastic spirit with which they took part in the service. The comfortable appointments of the Guild House surprised them, and one expressed himself as more impressed by the fact that in the management of the Church and in its various activities, the deaf themselves had such a large measure of responsibility. The cordial welcome to strangers made him feel at home, and he wished such a church were possible in every large center where the deaf could be gathered together.

On Sunday, April 28th, Bishop Greer is expected at St. Ann's Church to administer the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation. A large class is being prepared. The clergy will be pleased to assist any desiring to join the class.

Rev. Mr. Keiser will give his postponed lecture on the German Spy System, in the Guild Hall, Saturday evening, April 6th. This is a timely topic connected with the war and is sure to interest all who attend.

Up to time the hands of the clock turned an hour ahead in accord with Governmental demand, the Drive of the Xavier Allied Committee arranging for Euchre and Reception this Saturday evening, also took a jump foward in behalf of the Catholic War Fund. Miss May Austra as spokesman, says the outlook for a good attendance is upheld by the returns received. Nineteen other prizes have been donated for winners of the card games. The assembly will be a commingling of representatives of all the deaf hereabouts, including a number of notables. The committee feel safe in assuring all attending a pleasant social evening, with hopes of adding a trifle to the balance that will bring the Fund total up to five million in round dollars.

On the 31st, at the Harlem Casino, 100 West 116th Street, the boys comprising the S. W. J. D. basket-ball team easily defeated the Oakland team, by a score of 35 13

The Lexington boys met the Lincoln team, and indulged in battle royal for a loving cup. The Lexingtons won by a score of 25 to 19.

The attendance was about three hundred.

Mr. Edward Doenges engineered a birthday surprise party to his sister Gertrude, at their home in Mt. Vernon, on Saturday, March 16th. The rooms were beautifully illuminated by electric lights trained by her brother. A dainty supper was served after an evening of much enjoyment. There were about fifteen present.

Charles Ambrose Kepp, a graduate of the Mt. Airy Institution and of the Art Institute, was in New York last week accompanied by Prof. Thompson. His object was to arrange for an advanced course in Art at Columbia University. He visited Fanwood and also the Lexington Avenue School.

The mother of Nathan Dobsevage died on Friday, March 22d, and was buried on March 24th. She was 62 years of age, and was the widow of Abraham-Baer Dobsevage, a noted Hebrew scholar and author of essays on the Talmud. She is survived by one daughter and five sons.

After working for twenty-six years for Piser and Russell, Printers, Benjamin Elkin has transferred his services to the Royal Shop Printery. Mr. Piser is very sorry to lose him, as he had been a faithful employe for so many years.

Don't forget the "Hearts Party," at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League rooms, April 13th. The admission price is only thirty-five cents and handsome prizes will be awarded.

On March 24th, 1918, Mrs. Frank D. Bouck's father, John J. Willett, died at the Kings County Hospital in this city, at the age of eighty-five years.

Miss Helen M. Waters, of Washington, D. C., was among the attendants at the Easter Services of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

Miss Ida L. Frank will be at 40 Fairmont Avenue, Newark, N. J., until April 15th, and will be glad to have her friends call on her.

Meyer Reich, of Boston, is in town, and will probably stay for three months.

Charles H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., is in the city for an indefinite stay.

DETROIT.

News items of interest to the deaf of Michigan may be addressed to Mrs. C. C. Colby, 809 Marquette Building, Detroit. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Sunday, March 24th, was not a day of rest to many suburban districts. Scores of men and women spent the major portion of the day in spading up the garden spots and preparing for the spring drive against the advance in the cost of living.

Red. Allabough held services at the chapel of St. John's, Palm Sunday, March 24th. One baptism was administered in the afternoon, and two women and three men were confirmed in the evening. Forty-three members partook of the Holy Communion.

The Bible story of how Saul changed his name to Paul was carefully analyzed by our Pastor. "History repeats itself," declared the pastor, who urged the congregation to separate themselves from worldly alliances to make a clean break and breast of life, to make an unconditional surrender to Christ.

The flesh of the Saviour was lacerated and torn to atone for our sins. Christ was scourged that you and I might be healed. As the prophet Isaiah says: "He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins. The chastisement of our peace is on Him, for by His bruises we are healed."

Before closing, a prayer for our country was given.

Rev. Allabough left Monday morning, March 25th, for Grand Rapids, Mich., where he went to resume services after a two months' absence. He will come to Detroit again to hold services both morning and afternoon, April 21st. A pleasing likeness of our pastor was distributed among the congregation.

Mr. M. C. Boylan again delivered a lecture at the hall of the local Division, No. 2, Saturday evening, March 23d, on "Our Boys." He gave the audience a deep insight into the present war conditions, going back to the war times of years ago. Comparisons of the past and present wars, proved to be most interesting. The former had hardship, etc., while the latter have the Red Cross, Doctor corps, etc. How Lincoln was displeased with his portrait when the artist omitted the wart on his cheek, how Commodore Dewey led the warships to defy the fort at Manila, bow Roosevelt, then a rough rider, rode with the boys up the fort, etc. There were many familiar faces missing at the meeting. Was the war to be blamed for the small attendance?

At the recent business meeting of the local Division, No. 2, the proposition of admitting the women to the Society was again debated and rejected.

The local N. A. D. members are determined to get the next N. A. D. Convention in Detroit. We are going to acquaint you with Detroit and its beautiful surroundings. Detroit has developed into a city of nearly a million people, and is now America's fifth city.

Detroit today is without question the best advertised city in America. Our growth and greatness is the interesting topic of discussion the world over.

When the name of Ford is mentioned you naturally link Dynamic Detroit with it.

Our wonderful Belle Isle and Log Cabin Parks, our magnificent Lake Shore and Grand Boulevard drive, and beautiful Detroit River, will make a lasting impression on every one of you.

Our Belle Isle is situated in the middle of the Detroit River, containins seventy hundred and seventy acres, with its beautiful canals, fourteen and a half miles of driveways, pretty lawns, shrubberry flower-beds and rugged woods, and is a beautiful recreation ground unparalleled anywhere.

Detroit is, perhaps, more fortunate than the larger American cities that realize the comforts occasioned by parks and boulevards in the congested districts.

W. A. Ranspach, who was operated on for rupture, is still at the hospital, but we are happy to report that he is much improved, though very weak.

The Ladies' Sewing Club, of Kalamazoo, closed March 14th, after a merry round of meetings during the winter. Needlework, crocheting and knitting for soldiers, was the main program. The club will again convene in the fall, having disbanded for the summer months.

Mrs. R. H. McLachlan and Mrs. John Ulrich went to Flint for over Sunday, March 24th, to visit with old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Orvis, of Kalamazoo, entertained many of the silent people, Thursday evening, March 14th, at a pedro party at their home. The prizes were won by Mrs. Peter De Smit and Norbert Quinn, and the consolation by Mrs. Myrtle Troy. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter De Smit.

Mrs. Concoran (Sadie Failing) has a good position in Detroit, and is stopping with her married daughter. Mrs. Corcoran is seen at every social meeting of the deaf.

A large number of young people gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter De Smit, of Kalamazoo, Thursday evening, March 22d, where the hours were spent with cards, followed by a luncheon. The decorations were in Easter effects.

Martin Cicho and Arthur Finch, of Royal Oak, were in Ypsilanti Sunday, March 24th, calling on the Sparrows. They had a fine time.

Stephen Stevens, of Battle Creek, was in Kalamazoo two weeks ago, in the survey of the fraternal fort, with the idea of being a soldier-frat.

Robert McLachlan, a retired deaf-mute of eighty winters, who originally came from Scotland years ago, and at present living in Stratford, Canada, is no relation to our Robert H. McLachlan, of Detroit.

A happy birthday surprise affair was arranged by Mrs. Gillespie and a few lady friends, Saturday evening, March 23d, for Mrs. Walker, at her home. When the company arrived they found Mrs. Walker busily persuaded to doff her apron and adjourn to the parlor, where a jolly good time ensued. Games of many kinds were played. Mrs. Walker was remembered with some useful gifts. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Gillespie are sisters.

Two of the most thoroughly agreeable and cultivated people who have ever graced La Jolla and contributed to her fame as an intellectual center, asked some of their newmade friends here to come to their La Jolla cottage Wednesday evening to meet two friends of other days as now—Mr. and Mrs. Japes of Detroit, who upon the enthusiastic recommendation of the Hageman's will spend a part of their honeymoon in the Jack-o-Lantern. The evening was distinguished by that perfect hospitality which only cosmopolitans know how to give, and the intellectual flavor which can only be bestowed by a man of Dr. Hageman's quality. For, be it known, Dr. Hageman is something of a hero living incog, as it were in the seclusion of this little seaside village. As a college athlete Dr. Hageman was the idol of his Princeton years, and his colleagues even claim that it was he who invented the "curved ball" of baseball fame!

He chose the church upon leaving college with high honors, and voluntarily assumed charge of the most difficult and poorest church in the gift of his Bishop—an action which speaks volumes for his quality and his ideals. He earned an enviable reputation as a speaker and writer particularly as an organizer. In this last capacity there stands to his credit the splendid feat of founding the Federation of Churches—an accomplishment known round the world. Dr. Hageman is also the founder of the Crippled Children's Guild of New York City and is at work upon a new book during his stay in La Jolla.—*La. Jolla, Cal, Journal, March 15.*

Mrs. Hegeman's sister is president of the "Ebell" Club of Los Angeles. La Jolla is crowded with artists, poets, Scientists, etc., studying Theosophy, New Thought, etc.

MRS C. C. C.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Holy Communion April 7th, P.M. and April 21st, 6 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Holy Communion, April 28th.

April 7th, Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

April 7th, Grace Church, Jamaica, 8 P.M.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

March 30, 1918.—Mr. Wm. H. Zorn returned home Sunday night from Wheeling, where he had given a lecture for the benefit of the Home Cottage Fund. He brought back $10 50 for it as a result of his effort. There were forty people at the lecture, and all enjoyed the treat greatly. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. Corbett acted as hosts for the guest, while Mr. E. Conway piloted him through Wheeling and the adjacent cities, Bellaire and Bridgeport across the river. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Seamon, of Barnesville, got on the train there, and accompanied Mr. Zorn to Wheeling. They were at his lecture and remained over night as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Cotbett, of Bellaire.

On Sunday Rev. H. C. Merrill, of Washington, D. C., held service in St. Matthew's Church for the deaf, and also had a large congregation.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shindorff, of Fostoria, both of whom were pupils of ours at one time, have cause to be proud of the record their son has made "Over there." He is a young man of about twenty-two years, and according to the *Fostoria Review* enlisted in Company D, O. N. G., and did duty on the Mexican border. Later he was sent to Alabama and soon after became a member of the Rainbow Division and sent to France. In a skirmish with the Huns he captured six of them single handed at the point of a gun, and brought them to the officer in charge of his trench. For this he was awarded a medal for bravery by the French.

Messrs. H. Wheeler D Hooper, Harley Dille, M Richardson and Louis Seinensohn, all employed in Akron, and who rooted for O. S. S. D. at the Mt. Vernon basketball game came down to the school with the team. They visited friends in the city Sunday, except Mr. Dille, who went down in Athens County to help on the farm for his father.

Miss Minnie Riddlebaugh, of this city, who went to work in the Goodyear Rubber factory in Akron last fall, returned to her home this week, as she was needed to assist her mother.

Miss Grace Griffith, a former teacher here, but now with the Toledo Day School, spent several days here this week with her former co-laborers.

Last Tuesday afternoon for about an hour the pupils were given a chalk talk in the chapel, by a Mr. Bengough, of Canada. At the outset he stated he had given the pupils of Belleville and Winnipeg like talks. His lecture was really a series of charcoal sketches on paper. He drew pictures of Uncle Sam and John Bull shaking hands, and a dove of peace between them. He said England and America would be the two nations that would bring peace between the countries now engaged in the war. Then he drew a likeness of the Kaiser whom he said must be downed. Speaking of his work, he said the Circle was the model from which many designs, beautiful and otherwise, could be made, and he illustrated by several figures. Out of the angle addition and subtraction could be shown, and he showed by drawing a figure representing a boy with a wide-open mouth taking a big bite from a piece of pie. The exhibition was most pleasing to the children, and a vote of thanks was given the gentleman for the entertainment. Miss May Greener interpreted the speaking.

During the four evenings of this week the "war chest" committee of this city entertained the people with a series of moving pictures, talks and songs, pertaining to the war, as a free gift for their $3,500,000 gift to the War Chest Fund. The Hall holds about 7000, and each evening many were turned away. The title of the show is: "Wake Up America," and if any of those in the hall fell asleep during the performances, they sure were awakened when at the end two explosions were let off, and there appeared on the screen "Columbia," holding out her hands for help, and at one side of the stage a young lady dressed in the Stars and Stripes blowing a trumpet to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner. Thursday evening the pupils (excepting the youngest) and officers attended the affair.

One viewing the scenes of destruction, battles, and cruelties rendered by the Germans makes one's hatred of perpetrators of the deeds still more hateful, and the question asks: "Are they human beings?"

Superintendent Burt of the Western Pennsylvania School, stopped over here Thursday, on his way home from the West. He was pressed to give a short talk to the pupils, at chapel service Friday morning. Dr. Patterson graciously spoke of his long connection in the work and his loyalty to the deaf. Mr. Burt expressed thanks to Dr. Patterson's reference to him, and added that he and the doctor had started about the same time as teachers, 1870, and were still on it, but neither knew when they would be called away. He spoke of his visits recently to schools and to the one here. Superintendent Jones put in a few words, saying that when he was chosen Superintendent of the school back in 1895, the profession was astonished, because he was a new man and knew nothing at all concerning the education of the deaf. A few days after he took hold of the school, Principal Burt, then in charge of the Western Pennsylvania School, came over. They were utter strangers when introduced. Dr. Burt extended a cordial hand, well wishes as well any assistance he might render, if needed. From that time on they have been firm friends, and Mr. Jones, when Dr. Burt visits the school here, feels highly flattered.

La grippe downed Miss Zell and Mr. Schory this week, and kept them from their work. Mr. Schory, however, was able to get the better of his enemy, and be at his desk after Wednesday.

A game of basket ball was played last evening in the gymnasium, between the City and Farmers. The proceeds are to go towards supporting French orphans, made so by the war. About $15 was realized. The country side won, 41 to 26.

A. B. G.

San Francisco and Vicinity.

No, Shawyn, you are *not* playing hide and seek with me. *But* will you kindly tell me what you *are* doing?? I may have been introduced to you by a mutual friend but he (or she) did not introduce you under your *nom de plume*, but under your real name. If I met you face to face, or, if I heard your name, I would undoubtedly recognize you as an old pal of mine as you say, but I beg to remind you of the fact that I have never met any one named Shawyn!

The next time there is a convention in San Francisco, I am going to meet all the people I can and then write about them in the JOURNAL and sign a *nom de plume*, so I can have as much fun as Shawyn seems to be having when they fail to recognize an old friend.

REMMY NISSEN SAYS:—

Young H-O. S. will have to look our now. With both Zeno and Shawyn against him he will soon have to hunt his hole, crawl in and do his best to pull the hole in after him. It is a shame, too, for H. O. S. is quite a young chap, and the others, beings older, are, by all the laws of man, much wiser than he is.

If you want to be a shining light, there is no need to cultivate a red nose!

The only way to find work is to go to work and look for it!

I see by the Chi. items that J. Frederick is in the limelight once again. A recent postal card from him to the writer was addressed to ALAMEDA, CALIFORN. (That's why I refer to the "CHI" items).

I'D like to send congratulations to two old classmates of mine who have just joined the ever growing ranks of newlyweds. They are Mr. R. Hawvichorst and his wife, who was Miss Mildred Larimer. Old "Hee-Haw," as he was known in school, was a fine scholar, a good man and a gentleman always. Here's luck to you, Bob, and hearty congratulations.

E. E. Norton was tendered a surprise party on the 7th, by about 25 of his friends. The occasion was his 33d birthday. Many happy returns of the day.

L. C. Williams is going around with a grin that would have shamed T. R. The reason isn't because he was elected our delegate to the Frat Convention, but on account of an entirely different matter. Here's how: Not long ago he received a letter from his son, John, who was drafted and is at Camp Lewis, American Lake. The letter said, in part, that he had been transferred from his company to a machine gun company.

—"and what is worse (went on the letter), my old company leaves for France *tomorrow on the Tuscania*!!"

Of course young John was wild to go "over there," but had he known the terrible fate of that unlucky transport, he would not have bemoaned his hard luck at having to stay behind.

Miss Rosa Mucha, of 121st Street, was badly injured by an automobile recently. The driver was arrested. Miss Mucha suffered a fractured right leg and left arm. Numerous bruises about the face and head were also in evidence. It may be remembered that the same young lady had a bad fall at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley during the N. A. D. Convention. At that time she sprained her wrist badly.

The United Railroads of San Francisco have compiled a booklet for free distribution that shows the way to prevent auto accidents. It is entitled "For Humanity's Sake." Its 48 pages are profusely illustrated with diagrams and Saftey Hints. A book that is worth its weight in gold to every auto owner or pedestrian who thinks and acts—

"SAFETY FIRST."

San Francisco has a good right to be proud of Mt. A. E Hole. He is the best all-around athlete that this country has ever produced. In three years he has won five medals in San Francisco for gymnasium work and in Seattle, when the Vancouver, B. C., men had a meet with that city, Hole who was the only deaf man among *one hundred* hearing men carried off the first prize, a beautiful silver cup, for the most perfect score on the bars and rings. In a few weeks he will receive another medal. This is from the San Francisco Motorcycle club, a hearing organization, of which Hole is an honored member. It is the firm belief that Mr. Hole would make a fine teacher of Physical Culture for the State School at Berkeley. For 13 years steady he has been employed at the Ford Motor Co., in San Francisco, and is considered the best workman they have. He believes in outdoor work and play. He says that the man who lives outdoors is the one that has the longest life and the shortest doctor bill in the world. When meeting him for the first time one is reminded the Colossus of Rhodes. San Francisco is 'strong' for Mr. Hole,

Paul Denton, who was last heard from in Detroit, is now in New York City. His post card does not tell if he is at work or not. He is a graduate of the Berkeley school.

I am sorry to say thst I have been receiving a number of 'kicks'. They are from the San Francisco subscribers of the JOURNAL and all because they have not received their paper on time. On the 18th of March I received the JOURNAL for Mar. 7th. One must remember that a great many of the letter carriers and men who are employed in the Post Offices have enlisted or were drafted, and this makes the force somewhat short handed. D. Kaiser says that the deaf ought to be given a chance as mail carriers and then the mail would all be out on time. That is a good idea, Kaiser. Why not write a letter to the Postmaster in Washington about it?

The Oklahoman says that impostors will deny all sense of vibration if a tuning fork is struck and placed against their heads. They won't deny ANYTHING if the fork was heavy enough and "placed against their heads" hard enough to bring it *forcibly to their attention.*

I. Selig was elected alternate delegate to the Frat Convention, at the March meeting at the local Division.

SACRAMENTO ITEMS

Mr. Hugh C. Fox, of Colorado, and Mrs. Annie Paul, of Montana, and later of Kendall Green, were united in wedlock on Saturday, March the 16th. The wedding was very quiet and was preformed by Justice O'Brien. On the day following, a "wedding dinner" was tendered the bride and a few relations, by the bride's mother at her home. The feature of the dinner was a large cake with a pair of kewpie dolls standing in the center.

Three young men, sons of deaf Sacramentoans, have joined the army. They are Clarence and Le Roy Deise and Otis Manter. Clarence is a Corporal of Artillery, now in Paris, France. His brother, Le Roy, is a Sergeant of Aviators in New York. Mr. Manter is in Texas studying to be a mechanic, persumably in the Aviation Department.

James Johnson, of Madison, is raising hogs and clover. He advises the deaf to raise clover. He has a gasoline engine, that he uses for irrigation purposes, which he runs himself.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Johnson, of Lodi, are still on their almond and alfalfa ranch. They frequently go to Sacramento on business and while there they never fail to stop in at the De Luxe Press (J. J. Gabrielli, Proprietor) for a bit of gossip. They report that Albert Spencer, a graduate of the Berkeley School, is doing well on his father's ranch.

The above items of interest were sent the writer by Jolly Joe Gabrielli who ends his letter with the query—"why is the prefix 'Miss' put in front of the girls' names? Is it because the boys miss them when they are gone? Or beacuse they miss everything that they aim at?"

Yes, R. P. H., your Northern Friend *is* boosting Los Angeles for you, but that is no reason for you to stop the 'Local Items'. You must remember that a great many of the Angeles are graduates of the Berkeley School and therefore old friends and acquaintances of the writers. In a recent interview, your Northern Friend says: "Yes, I've been tooting the horn a bit for the City of Angeles, but I tell you right now that I'm getting tired of the job. I started to boost for the 1921 Convention, and right away, mind you, a man from Missouri has visions of himself being among those missing and unaccounted for in another Earthquake and Disaster. So I says to myself, says I, I've gone too far. I shouldn't ought to gone and said as much as I did, but now that I did do it, it is done, and all the acts of man can't undo it."

There you are, Russ, if you can make head or tail out of it you are luckier than we are.

No, Clarice, the figures '18' that the 'printer man' puts after my name, do not mean that I am only eighteen years old. I've passed that age by a good many years, even though my correspondence *doesn't* sound like it.

The San Francisco Division of the N. F. S. D. will hold an Easter party at their Hall on Saturday evening March 30th. Come and meet Br'er Rabbit.

H. O. SCHWARZLOSE.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to Jesse A. Waterman, 344-348 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

At the Jacksonville school, there appears to be a movement on foot to eliminate all the trained and valuable employees from the agricultural department of the institution and placing in their stead patients of the State Hospital for the Insane. This naturally deprives the deaf children of an opportunity, enjoyed for many years, to learn this most useful instruction in soil production. The harm that would follow is obvious and the department of public welfare, which is responsible for this radical departure, seem to think this step is necessary from an economical standpoint.

Dr. P. J. Hasenstab, who had occasion to learn of this deplorable state of affairs while in Springfield, entered a protest in behalf of the deaf children. A storm of indignation has just begun, which, if not heeded by the "powers that be," will assume nation-wide proportions. Protests from the members of the Pas-a Pas Club, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, the Silent Athletic Club and the National Association of the Deaf, should poor into the State Capital. For the present all communications should be directed to the Director, Department of Public Welfare, Springfield, Ill. The man in charge is Hon. Charles H. Thorne. Failing to impress this important matter on the director, the deaf will then turn their guns on the Governor of the State.

Meantime, among the changes wrought is the lamentabl removal of a Mr. Mathers, a hearing man, but fully versed in the sign language and an expert in agriculture, by reason of having two sisters and three brothers, all deaf. He has been removed April 1st, not for incompetence nor for insubordination nor for any offense, but solely to give way to inmates from the insane hospital.

Dr. James Cloud, president of the National Association of the Deaf, has written a letter to Gov. Lowden, appealing to him use his executive influence in behalf of the deaf children, based on his former connection with the school as an instructor as well as a pupil, also on the strength that Gov. Lowden is himself a farmer.

Dr. Hasenstab has exerted the utmost to protest against the course adopted by the board of trustees. Likewise, the Pas-a-Pas Club, through its officers, has sent a strong protest. Whether these protests will have any effect remains to be seen. But the idea of depriving the school children of a chance to learn farming and gradening, should not be allowed, if the united efforts of all the deaf—regardless of factions or creed—can prevent it.

Mrs. William Evision was hostess at luncheon at her home March 17th, given in honor of Miss Grace Cooper, of St. Paul, Minn., who is in the city visiting relatives and friends. Among the guests invited were Mrs. Wirt, Mrs. Sprague and Miss Stella Friedman.

William Borinstein has just received word through New York military headquarters that his son has arrived in France. The jubilant father is heralding this fact among his friends with a broad smile and a liberal distribution of cigars.

A party was arranged in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Treese, formerly of Minneapolis, last Saturday, March 23d, to which nearly thirty guests were invited. They gave unstinting praise to the royal time they had, which means that the host and hostess were thoroughly experienced in the entertaining game.

The mother of Mrs. Charles Hiller, *nee* Mabel Taylor, died last week.

Mrs. Roy Grimse and daughter have left for Wisconsin, to be gone for an indefinite visit with her mother.

Miss Constance Hasenstab, the daughter of Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, was in Jacksonville last week, and incidentally paid the Institution a call. She stayed with her sister, Miss Grace Hasenstab, who is attending the Woman's College. Both returned to Chicago to spend the Easter week. Through Rev. Hasenstab arrangements were effected whereby the deaf of Chicago were enabled to attend one of the revival meetings of Billy Sunday, now being given at the tabernacle on Chicago and Superior Avenues. The sermons were interpreted by Miss Grace H, during her brief stay in Chicago, especially on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. A large number of our deaf population, prompted by curosity to get a glimpse of the man, took advantage of the invitation.

Miss Katie Jones, who was hurt in an automobile accident last week, has been unable to secure damages against the reckless driver, who disappeared leaving no trace of his identity.

Mrs. Alice Perkins, of Flint, Mich., is in Chicago, making arrangements for her eventful day. She will become Mrs. James K. Watson by the time JOURNAL readers receive this paper.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1918.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest,
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
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And not for all the race"

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Rev. John H. Keiser.

Alexander L. Pach in Silent Worker.

Often and often this column moralized on lectures that are offered as mental food for the deaf, and often and often the fact that tedious and deadly dry stuff has been foisted on a public that uncomplainingly paid to be entetained over and over again only to be bored and buncoed. There is one man preeminently fitted for good lecture work, and he is the Reverend John Henry Keiser of New York. I judge he has made a special study of the art of entertaining a deaf audience, and with his unusual skill as a signer and his wonderful mental equipment, he has made the lecture field peculiarly his own hereabout.

In the first place, he has a wonderful knack of taking the every-day, common, or garden sign for a word or thing, and throwing a spotlight on it to illuminate it, as I never saw any one else do.

For instance, when a lecturer wishes to register surprise, as they say in the "movies," they imitate the opening of the eyes with the thumb and forefinger, which is expressive in a way; but Mr. Keiser, in his individualistic treatment of signs, takes a step or two, goes through the pantomime of being touched on the shoulder, following it up with the same sort of action any one would perform when his attention was arrested suddenly. The result is that, using the sign language, plus expressed emotions pitched in varying keys, he talks as no one else that I have ever seen talks.

But this alone, novel as it is, would not get over as Mr. Keiser puts it over, were it not for the fact that Mr. Keiser thinks and analyzes for himself, and not only that, thinks deep and analyzes thoroughly.

Then, added to it is his retentive memory that enables him to prepare a lecture of the highest order, and then occupy an hour and a half with the telling of it, without once referring to a note of any kind.

He has a little trick of rubbing three or four fingers of his right hand over his forehead at ten minute intervals, and, while it may be purely habit, it would seem that he is mesmerizing himself to bring out the next series of thoughts.

Not long ago, he lectured on Ambassador Gerard's book dealing with his four years in Germany, and I went, as I always do when he is announced to occupy the platform, and with a vague fear that the audience would be a frost, as several daily papers had printed the book serially, and a great many had read the book itself; but as usual, the lecture room in the Parish House was filled to its fullest capacity, just as it always is when Mr. Keiser lectures.

On Saturday evening, January 19th, to a capacity house the reverend gentleman told what would happen if the Kaiser came to New York. I never saw an audience of deaf people swayed as this one was, and there was none of the usual "whispering," for the man on the platform almost literally had his audience's attention riveted on him, and only when now and then some one turned to his or her neighbour to remark, with horror-stricken face, "awful," or some equivalent, did they turn their heads away. In this go between Keiser and Kaiser, Kaiser had all the worst of it, and deservedly.

In the audience, as is always the case, under the circumstances narrated, were a great majority of the most intelligent and refined to New York's deaf populace. They came to be entertained, and they knew they were not going to be disappointed. There are some clergymen, who, when they turn platform entertainers, are still and always the cleric. Mr. Keiser is one whose only suggestion of the cleric when he turns lecturer, is his clerical garb. Another feature of his entertaining, is in his divesting the role of lecturer from all the old time stunts and struts. Nobody introduces him to the audience. It is not necessary.

There is rare novelty even in his method of beginning, which is without any formality. When the last chair is filled he walks up to the rostrum, and begins a general conversation after the intimate order that Raymond Hitchcock started by addressing friends in the audience and taking the whole audience into his confidence. The other evening, Mr. Keiser espied a star graduate of Gallaudet College in the audience. Mr. Keiser quaintly expressed pleasure at seeing him present, and then gave a clever imitation of the way the star Gallaudet, etc., used to make the college dining room two minutes before closing time every morning.

The audience enjoyed a good laugh, as did the star graduate. Mr. Keiser then discovered some one else, and remarked on how that some-one-else always managed to get his seat right next to that of some good-looking young woman. That some-one-else to my personal knowledge, in this instance did not even know the young woman who sat beside him, and, as a matter of fact, he had taken the seat he occupied before she came in, but this did not lessen the audience's enjoyment of his blushes.

After some more very airy, but very amusing persiflage, the lecturer hits into his discourse, and during the rest of the evening brings it home to those who have the good fortune to be present, that while deafness robs us of some of the most enjoyable things in life, it also has its compensation, in that it is given men like Mr. Keiser rich gifts of mimicry that he, in turn uses to brighten the dark spots in the lives of his fellow deaf. Only a deaf man can use this power in its highest and best sense. Only a deaf man can put over that he is sure his deaf fellows will not only enjoy, but profit by.

This is one of the very strongest arguments of the principles that I have been pounding and expounding for many years that goes to show that, unusual cases excepted, it is only the deaf man that can best plan for his deaf fellow's welfare and happiness. This does not apply merely to the lecture platform, but to all the activities which are brought into being that bear on the welfare of the deaf man and woman. Mr. Keiser happens to be an ordained Episcopal clergyman, but he is a great deal more than that. He is a deaf man who knows. More than that, he is a deaf man who can.

These are two things that make him a wonderful power for good. When he is asked to help, in any of the many spheres a man in his station of life is called on for, he only responds as an Episcopal clergyman if it is a member of his church he is aiding. More than half the calls for his services come from non-members, but this does not alter, an iota, his willingness and his readiness to be of help in all the varied ways a vast deaf populace finds it self in need of. It is in the work that Mr. Keiser and his immediate superior, Rev. John Chamberlain, the Vicar of St. Ann's Church do, that makes St. Ann's more and than a church, because its works of good are not confined to denominational lines, but are so varied as to make the organization a vast aid to the public good. You may attend any of its several functional activities, and never once be approached for any aid or act that you do not volunteer.

You can participate in any of its activities without your motives or purposes being questioned. In any trouble the poorest and most obscure deaf person in the community can go for aid and comfort and help without once telling any hearing person the details; without any semblance of red tape, and without any taint of settlement work that is going to be recorded and published, as part of a great charity work to win dollars and tears from the well-to-do hearing people, and bring down pity and commiseration on the heads of all of us who are deaf, and who, God knows, want no man's pity, and no man's commiseration, for as life's average go, the deaf man is for more capable and more independent than his hearing brother.

Rev B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

APRIL

7.—Cleveland, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion; 3 P.M Evening Prayer and Sermon); 4 P.M. Business Meeting of St. Agnes' Mission.
Akron, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer and Sermon and 8:30 P.M. Business Meeting of Grace Mission.
8.—Canton, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer and Sermon. and 8:30 P.M. Business Meeting of Ephiphany Mission.
10.—Youngstown, 7:45 P.M. Evening Prayer and 8:30 P.M. Business Meeting of Emmanuel Mission.
11.—Marion, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
12.—Anderson, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
13.—Indianapolis, 7:45 P.M. Business Meeting of St. Alban's Mission, and 8 P.M. Lecture.
14.—Indianapolis, 9 A.M. Baptism; 10:00 A.M. Confirmation; 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion; 3 P.M.
Richmond, 7:45 P.M.
19.—Fremont, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
20.—Toledo, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer and Sermon, and 8:30 P.M. Business Meeting of St. Martin's Mission.
21.—Detroit, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion and 3 P.M. Ypsilanti, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
26.—Finley, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.
27.—Lima, 7:45 P.M. Lecture.
28.—Lima, 10:30 A.M. Confirmation; 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion; 3:00 P.M.
Kenton, 7:30 P.M. Combined Service.

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Albert, Mrs. W. R., Dayton, O.
Parks, John, Tiffin, O.
Wetter, Calvin P., Dalton, O.

Through Anton Schroeder

Lee, Alfred E., Northfield, Minn.
Miller, Henry E., St. Peter, Minn.

Through Dr. P. J. Hasenstab

Wilson, Walter G., Logansport, Ind.
Whorton Mrs. John, Flora, Ind.

Through W. G. Durian

Saverio, Minnicucci, Waterbury, Ct.

Through the Treasurer

Christensen, Christian M., Akron, O.
Pulver, Henry J., Talladega, Ala.

Through Miss Gertrude Strand

Canfield, Chas. E., Flint, Mich.
Crippen, Mrs. Floyd, Flint, Mich.
Shroyer, John L., Flint, Mich.
Williamson, Leo, Flint, Mich.

Through A. R. Schneider

Allera, Frank, Detroit, Mich.
Allera, Mrs. Frank, Detroit, Mich.
Beaver, Ralph F., Detroit, Mich.
Beaver, Benj. J., Detroit, Mich.
Bednarek, P., Detroit, Mich.
Beemer, Jas. G., Detroit, Mich.
Behrendt, Wm., Detroit, Mich.
Blickman, Miss Jean, Detroit, Mich.
Bourcier, Mrs. F. J., Detroit, Mich.
Brown, Mrs. Harry J., Detroit, Mich.
Brunsell, Birger B., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Butters, Wm. F., Pulaski, Mich.
Cicho, Martin, Detroit, Mich.
Colby, Miss Ruth, Detroit, Mich.
Colby, Mrs. C. C., Detroit, Mich.
Day, Halsey F., Detroit, Mich.
Day, Mrs., Halsey F., Detroit, Mich.
Dirreen, Ed. B., Detroit, Mich.
Evanson, William, Detroit, Mich.
Finch, Arthur, Detroit, Mich.
Franke, Austin, Detroit, Mich.
Frederick, Carl, Detroit, Mich.
Friday, Frank Isaac, Highland Park, Mich,
Friday, Ivor M., Royal Oak, Mich.
Goupil, Clifford, Detroit, Mich.
Herbert, R. L., Detroit, Mich.
Holbrook, Francis, Detroit, Mich.
Hostrick, John, Detroit, Mich.
Huhn, Rudolph, Detroit, Mich.
Huhn, Mrs. Rudolph, Detroit, Mich.
Hurwitz, Hayman, Detroit, Mich.
Isackson, Mrs. Gilbert, Royal Oak, Mich.
Japes, Aloyous, Detroit, Mich.
Jones, Robert W, Detroit, Mich.
Jones, Mrs. Robert W. Detroit, Mich.
Kresin, Adolph, Port Huron, Mich.
Kubisch, Clarence, Detroit, Mich.
Loeffler, Chas. M., Monroe, Mich.
May, Mrs. Geo. C., Detroit, Mich.
McMullen, Ed. Thos., Detroit, Mich.
McSparin, Claude, Detroit, Mich.
Moran, Sylvester, Detroit, Mich.
Murphy, William, Detroit. Mich.
Osonik, Frank, Detroit, Mich.
Paskins, Samuel, Detroit, Mich.
Pastori, Joseph, Detroit, Mich.
Rechlin, Miss Anna, Bay City, Mich.
Rollins, Robert, Detroit, Mich.
Rollins Mrs. Robt., Detroit, Mich.
Russon, F. J., Detroit, Mich.
Russon, Mrs. F. J., Detroit, Mich.
Sawhill, Mrs. J. H., Detroit, Mich.
Schneider, Augustus R., Detroit, Mich.
Schnabelons, Herman, Detroit, Mich.
Scott, Mrs. Atchison, Detroit, Mich.
Scherwood, Louis, Detroit, Mich.
Smith, A. J., Ann Arxor, Mich.
Smith, Mrs. A. J., Ann Arbor, Mich.
Smolinski, Walter, Detroit, Mich.
Stadler, Miss Anna, Detroit, Mich.
Stelt, Miss Freda, Detroit, Mich.
Stevens, Clifford, Battle Creek, Mich.
Walsh, John J., Detroit, Mich.
Warsaw, Miss Martha, Detroit, Mich.
Wells, Wm. J., Royal Oak, Mich.
Wilson, Miss Ruth, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Pearson, L. S., Port Gibson, Miss.
Rockwell, Walter Co., Hartford, Ct.

The above list indicates a healthy growth. Evidently the N. A. D. is taking hold of the deaf, and the deaf are taking hold of it. But let's not have all the growth in a spot two. Since ours is an organization for the welfare of ALL the deaf, the logical thing for us to do is to expand symmetrically—everywhere Your enthusiasm as a N. A. D. booster ought to be hot enough to get somebody else into the fold, and your love for the cause as big as the world of our silent brethren. If you haven't already broken into the got-a-member brigade, you may put it down as a psychological certainty that you've something of the slacker in you that you ought to sweat it out of your blood by a little honest hustling.

Michigan to the front with seventy new members! Now let Texas at the other end of map show that it is a bigger State by evening up with a few hundred. They say that Detroit is after the next N. A. D. Convention, and by her present gait we have to admit that she has made a fair get-away. Why, enthusiasm is running so high up there that it breaks out in N. A. D. balls and other social affairs, at which so many N. A. D. pins and buttons have been disposed of that anyone who does not wear the emblem looks like a speckled bird.

Do you wear the N. A. D. badge? If not, why don't you send fifty cents to the treasurer for the handsomest pin or button ever worn by the deaf? If you belong to the N. A. D. and believe in what the organization stands for, then say so by wearing the badge.

Piqua, Ohio, is on the N. A. D. map! The Piqua branch of the Association has contributed $100 to the Endowment Fund. New York, Chicago and other conspicuous centers of the deaf world look pretty big on paper, but here's the rub—can you beat the above figure?

J. H. MCFARLANE,
Treasurer.

BRIDGEPORT, CT.

About five hundred people attended the Civic and Mark Ball given by the Bridgeport Deaf-Mute Club, at the Eagle Hall, on Saturday night, February 9th. It was a big success, some $200 being cleared.

The prizes were given to—

Mrs. McAllister, first.
Miss Lena Stoloff, of New York, second.
Mary Callibrasse, third.

And men, to—

James Sheehan, first.
John Haggerty, second.
Joseph Beirs, third.

There were present deaf-mutes from New York, Springfield and Boston, Mass.

John Haggerty, of Holyoke, was in Bridgeport on business, as an a agent of the Collier, and did very well. He was the guest at Louis Hagan's house for a week, after which he left for Providence.

The *Frat* said that the bowling match January 1st, between the Holyoke and All Stars from Bridgeport, was won by the Holyoke team. Capt. Bakos, of the Bridgeport team, says it is news to him. He wrote to the manager of the Holyoke team, but has not heard from him as yet. Mr. Bakos claims that the Bridgeport Bowling Duck pin team is one of the best in the New England States. He is seeking a game with any team in the State for the championship Write to Manager Louis Hagan, 486 Park Street.

Capt. Bakos and Louis Hagan rank as two of the best bowlers among the local deaf.

On the evening of the 21st, Louis Hagan tackled the Park City league player Mahoney, at Connie Lewis' Alley. Mahoney rolled some very good scores, but Hagan was too much for him, winning the match and five dollars side bet. Mahony and Hagan made the highest individual score, 140. This record was pretty good.

Next Thursday night Bridgeport deaf team will bowl against the newspaper team for the championship of this city There will be a very large crowd to see the games.

Matthew Bakos and Louis Hagan, of this city, spent a week's vacation in Springfield, and attended the Ball given by the deaf and also a big banquet at the Clinton Hall. They had an enjoyable time.

Many deaf-mutes have been laid off at the Remington Arms Co, on account of the cancellation of the Russian contracts.

Among those to be hit were the following from New York: Messrs. Joe Zeiss, Schulman, Borochow, Marshers, Goldberg, Plapinger, Teichs and Goldstein. They all returned home, and most of them have secured their old positions.

Mr. Joseph Youngs, a tool maker, is still working in the Remington Arms as foreman of the tool room. He is president of the Bridgeport Deaf-Mute Club He is willing to give jobs to the deaf boys as soon as the Arms again gets big orders, but just now business is slow. Mr. Youngs was laid up with the grip recently.

Bridgeport is going to have a new Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Louis Hagan is organizing it. There are fifteen Frat members living in this city.

Mr. James Dolan's mother, aged 77 years, passed away at her home in Derby, Ct., March 17th, after an illness of ten days, pneumonia being the cause. She is survived by three sons and two daughters. The sons are James, of Bridgeport, Joseph, of Alaska, and John, of Vermont. She was buried in the Cemetery at Derby.

After Louis Hagan was laid off at the Arms Co., he secured a position with the Locomobile Company of America as lathe hand and driller. Eruest and Theo Cossette are working as benchers in the same room. They are making the auto trucks for the Allies and United States Government.

Mr. Joseph Zeiss, of New York, is working in the Graphone factory in Newark, N. J. He is staying at Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney's for a few days.

Mr. McAllister is intending to leave the Remington Arms, and go Illion, N. Y., where he used to work in the same Company as polisher. He likes Ilion better than this city, because he has many friends up there. All his deaf friends here will miss him. He is one of the popular ball players in this city.

Mr Samuel Goldstein has left the employ of the Locomobile of America and gone to New York, where he works as printer in the Scovil Printing Co. He is satisfied with his position.

LOS ANGELES.

The winter rains were late in reaching California this year. We usually have to resurrect our old umbrellas in October or November, but the resurrection morn was postponed until late in February for some unexplained reason. It may have been due to the shortage of freight cars or to the lack of sufficient postage to carry one rain-drops through expeditiously; at any rate, its arrival was hailed vociferously by every mother's son and daughter of us.

The mountains are now wearing their beautiful white Easter robes, and mountain climbing is the sport of the hour. Would you believe it, if some one told you that right here in the good old U. S., there were young men of 20 and 25 years, who had never seen snow? Well, it's a fact, and it only happens in California. To be sure, they have seen it at a distance of 35 to 50 miles, but the joys of snow-balling, coasting and skating are unknown to them. Think what a lark it would be to take some of these untraveled native sons, give them a free snow-bath, and then set them up on a pair of ice-skates. It ought to dispel more glooms than a good many so-called "comedies."

A party, numbering about ten young people, made the trip up Mount Wilson Saturday night, intending to spend Sunday frolicking in the snow, but a hard rain set in the early Sunday morning, spoiling their fun. (And their clothes, too, if we're not mistaken.) It usually takes four hours to return to the foot; will some of the pedestrians please come forward and tell us how fast they came down? Any of the following will qualify: Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Hawvichorst, Mr. and Mrs. Herrig, Mrs. E. M. Price, Miss Olive Haworth, Isom Haworth and Joseph Beisang.

Mr. and Mrs. William Japes, of Detroit, who have been spending their three months' honeymoon here, are leaving this week for San Diego for a week's visit at that popular winter resort, before starting on the homeward trip, which is to be made leisurely. At Oxnard they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wood. Santa Barbara and San Francisco will also be visited. They expect to reach home about April 15th. Both young people are immensely popular here, and leave behind them many friends who hope for another visit from the happy couple in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Roberts, daughter Beryl, and Mr. Roberts' nurse, left hurriedly for Boston this week. Important business requires Mr. Roberts' presence. It is regretted that their stay in Los Angeles was terminated so abruptly.

The National Orange Show at San Bernardino was beheld in all its glory by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ward, late last month. By combining their pleasure trip with a visit to relatives, they were able to pronounce their trip a great success, and that in spite of the rain. Although they spent three days viewing all different varieties of oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tangerines and kumquats, a great deal had to be left for some one else to view for them, on account of lack of time. Mr. Ward has a good position with the city, and is well liked.

Mr. J. B. M. Curry, a mining man of Mexico, was at a recent Literary Auxiliary meeting, and gave some hair-raising stories of his experiences in that chaotic country. He claims to have met and talked with Villa, the bandit chieftain, on numerous occasions, and on another was pursued by cattle-rustlers bent on preventing him from crossing the border. When asked what this country ought to do about Mexico, he gave this recipe: "After the Kaiser is run so far out into the ocean that he can't see land, send our boys down there and give the 'greasers' such a fierce licking that they will run when you point your finger at them."

John W. Wear has been getting the worst of it in a bout with Old Man Rheumatism lately, but we understand he has found a specialist who has had uniform success in treating his malady. Here's hoping Old M. R. gets a knockout blow.

Abraham Himmelschein is something of a philanthropist. He presented the staff of the Good Samaritan Hospital with a pair of full grown healthy tonsils recently, stipulating that they be used for experimental purposes only. Vivisectionists please notice (N. B. Abe is doing well, but the tonsils succumbed to nostalgia)

Miss Emily Shuford, buxom daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Shuford, was one of the living models at the New York Store's display of spring finery two evenings last week.

John Heitshusen, of Anaheim, has given up his position in the packing house of the Anaheim Citrus Association and is caring for his father's lemon orchard.

Following is an outline of the programs at the two Literary meetings this month. It by no means represents all that is going on here, but is given to show what kind of entertainment the chance visitor may expect. Other meetings are held *every* Saturday and midweek numbers are the rule rather than the exception. "People who live in glass houses," etc.

March 9, 8:15 P.M. at 730 So. Grand Ave.

Story, "Pat Crowe" Mr. J. Orrie Harris
War Savings Stamps Mr. Leon A. Fisk.
Jack London Mrs. W. A. Tilley.
Irish Legend Mr. U. M. Cool.
Irish Stories—By Mr. Frank Burson.
The Star Spangled Banner— By Miss Helen Taylor.
March 23:—
READING— By Mr. E. P. McGowan.
Present condition of Russia— By Mr. Simon Himmelschein.
"And there was Mr. Todd."— By Mr. Jacob Goldstein.
DIALOGUE— By Miss Orpha Tong and Mrs. E. P. McGowan.
Recitation from Artemus Ward.— By Mr. Julian Singleton.

Persistent rumors are going the rounds that two of our young men are soon to renounce the joys of single-blessedness; likewise rumor hath it that two charming young maidens are going to put sweethearts on a home-cooking diet this spring. Who are you? When is it to be? Let's wait for the wedding bells, and see if you guessed right.

R. P. H.

OMAHA

Corporal Russell G. Hughes was killed in action while with the American forces in France, March 17th. His stepmother, as Miss Regnier, was for many years a teacher in the Nebraska School. Consquently the deaf hereabout had special interest in him. He was only nineteen. Omaha is planning a fitting commemoration for him, as he is the first Omahan to have died on the battlefield. The parents are grief-stricken, but they said that if be had to die, they were glad he died for his country.

Once again Omaha went over the top in the recent W. S. S. drive.

A State Labor Bureau has been established at the State House, Lincoln, Neb., in charge of E. L. Rhodes.

The purposes of the Bureau are:

1. To list the names of all the farmers who want help.
2. To list the names of all men who want work on farms.
3. To find hands for those who want them and places for men wanting them.
4. To supply farmers with seed by locating excess supplies and putting farmers in touch with them. Several railroads, realizing the seriousness of the labor and seed situation, have established bureaus in towns on their systems.

Their slogan is "better and larger crops." The services of the bureaus are free.

A similar bureau has been established at Milligan, Neb., in charge of Mary Smrha's brother, Charles Smrha.

"Will a lonely dog follow you? If not, then your education is insufficient," says a prominent educator.

He says that if you can answer the following questions in the affirmative, you have a very creditable education.

Has your education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Do you think that washing the dishes or hoeing corn is just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman in the eye?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meanest drudgeries of life?

Can you be high-minded and happy alone?

Can you see anything else in the puddle but mud?"

All the social doings this time transpired over in Council Bluffs, it is therefore up to the Iowa correspondent to chronicle them.

E. S. Waring is ill at a hospital in Omaha.

Miss Ella Cowen has left to resume her duties as teacher at the Louisiana School, which opens April 1st and closes December 1st.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 949 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick, *Assistant*, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, *Missionary-in-charge.*
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, *Parish Visitor.*
SERVICES:
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3.00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

MARYLAND

Some time ago an interesting and unusual service was held in Grace, P. D., Church in connection with the dedication of a beautiful silk flag (church standard flag).

The local deaf-mutes were invited to attend the special service and embrace the opportunity of publicly pledging their loyalty to the flag of the United States. The members had no trouble in collecting money for that purpose, and could collect more, but it was thought that $50 was sufficient, that being the cost of the flag.

About twenty-five friends of Mrs. O. J Whildin mobbed her house last Saturday eve, the occasion being her birthday. A royal time was enjoyed by the guests, who refused to retreat until games and refreshments were indulged in at a late hour. Miss Alma Daley had charge of the affair. Those who were at present: Misses Olive Whildin, Mabel Whildin, Mildred Theis, L. Lesser, L. Booley, Madeline Stevens, Beckie Newman, Alma Daley, Esther Daley. Mrs. G. Theis, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Leitner, Mrs. Shackney. Messrs. C. Mills, J. Newman, J. Scherr, Andrew Leitch, Ray Kaufman and others.

Sergeant C. Wells Leitner, who was sent to Ohio State University by the Government, graduated last week and was allowed to spend his furlough of four days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Leitner. He looked plump and healthy. He went back to Ohio after a farewell party. He will be aasigned to some flying field in the United States.

Saturday afternoon the boys took advantage of the warm weather by playing base-ball and enjoying the spring weather. Beautiful days that we are having lately, have tendered to stimulate an outdoor passion. The boys showed a certain stiffness and awkwardness, that is seen in beginners, but still the game served its purpose in the order of amusements. Those boys who are likely to be regular players of the Silent Athletic base-bal club are, Demanco, Kauffman Leitch, Brehens, Kuhn, C. Boyton Leitner, Mills, Harman, Foxwell and will be strengthened by Hetz, ler, of Gallaudet College, Downes and Stearn, of Maryland School, when the school closes for the summer.

Magnolia, where barracks are being built up, attracted several deaf-mutes who pretend to be carpenters, or rather grade of carpentry that they thought most adaptable.

The Silent Athletic Club had a meeting at Y. M. C. A., and new officers were elected G. Stone, President; G. M. Leitner, Secretary; R. Kaufman, Treasurer; O. Price, Manager. The club has 27 members.

Mr. C. Boyton, of Georgia, is the proud owner of an automobile, and he understands the mechanism thoroughly and has less trouble in driving around the city. He joined the Silent Athletic Club last Saturday. He claimed he was a good player and should strengthen the team.

Deaf-mutes, especially married ones, are preparing to crack their backs through digging up their back-yards, and planting all kinds of vegetables in order to lessen the H. C. L.

Stricken with acute indigestion at Sparrow Pt., on his way to work, S. Noel fell to the ground. Workmen going to work called a physician. After receving treatment he was taken home and was out of work 3 days. He is back at work.

Noah Downes, a giant 5 feet, a pupil Maryland School for the Deaf, is finding himself useful with minor hearing teams—basket ball and base-ball—around Frederick. He will be with the Silent Athletic Club. Under Leitner's coaching, he will be a valuable pitcher to Gallaudet College when he goes there next fall.

The unwelcome visitor, la Grippe, has invaded the deaf community, but it is losing ground now.

Wonder how our friend, H. Leitch, likes his new job as Sheriff at Magnolia Barracks. One thing sure, when the drunks get melodious it will not worry him.

Mr. C. Paulus, who has been complaining about his health for about two years, was really sick last week, but he is better at this writiug.

Two new faces—J. Williams and C. O'Neal—both, of Durham, N. C., are working at Camp Meade. March 24th, 1918. G. M. L.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary.*
2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.